

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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Original.

DR. DODDRIDGE AND HIS ORTHODOXY.

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

MANY of our Orthodox friends of the present day are not a little perplexed to find out what sort of a place *hell* is; for many are beginning to give up the pious old notion of a real Calvinistic, flaming, fiery furnace. It don't set so well on the stomachs of many of the better sort among them, who are beginning to get squeamish and fastidious, and "kick out of the traces," as the saying is. Particularly Rev. Albert Barnes, and the Andover professors have been taken in this way, and they talk about the "state of the wicked" hereafter, the "agonies of mind" they endure, &c., as if the old fashioned hell was, or is become quite unsettled and changeable. There must be a peg out of place, or a limb out of joint somewhere, for formerly, the location, geography, and internal regulations and features of this interesting country were so well understood, that we have frequently seen it, with no small degree of artistical skill, pictured out in rough wood cuts, and hung up in parlors and bedrooms and antechambers, to frighten and scare women and children. Well do we remember some of these famous antique pictures, on one side of which, a little to the left, was seen winding among crags and mountainous steeps, a narrow and very slippery way, with one solitary traveller in it, (perhaps John Bunyan's pilgrim, for he had a dreadful hard time of it,) with nails in his shoes and a long pike staff in his hand, something such as the Swiss mountaineers use among the glaciers, to keep them from slipping. He dared not to look back, not for fear of sharing the fate of Lot's wife, but for fear of something worse; for on the right of the picture, from the mouth of something like a volcano, shot up long spiral columns of liquid fire, and volumes of tartarean smoke; and over the edges of the rocks and cliffs of this boiling hell of deep despair, all sorts of ugly devils were most interestingly and busily engaged, with long-handled, three-pronged pitchforks, in pitching the frightened ghosts of the damned. Of course these pictures had a most salutary and restraining influence; children looked upon them and paled with fear, and old ladies wiped the tears out of their spectacles, and sighed and trembled as they quoted some pious stanzas from Dr. Watts, such as

"There is a dreadful hell,
Of everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In torments, fire and chains."

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead,"

in which the following choice stanzas occur, speaking of the soul,

"Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.
There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains."

Whether any of these interesting relics of days gone by have found their way into the hands of antiquarians, or picture galleries for preservation, we are not able to say, but of recent date they have quite disappeared. Such mementoes of ancient orthodoxy ought not to be suffered to perish among the common dust and rubbish of the times. There is a value attached to them as the landmarks of the past, of infinite importance. It is true, Knapp (we mean the pious elder of that name,) has endeavored to supersede the necessity of saving these pictures from ruin, by giving us living descriptions, from personal experience no doubt, of hell; and by endeavoring to personify some of the great characters there, by acting a vague sort of melodramatic or tragic character, running up and down the pulpit stairs, and with wild and desperate looks, and hair that stood on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

shaking his fists at heaven, and cursing and blaspheming God in a manner quite edifying to vulgar and commonplace minds. But it is evident that Knapp and Little-John and the whole set, are miserable bunglers, and do not, for a moment, deserve the attention of a sober and enlightened audience. They don't come up to the real thing. They fail to give us the *real science*, and are not even tolerable copyists.

But we have almost forgotten the purpose of the present article. We meant, for the instruction of the reader, and to refresh and steady the minds of some of the new-fangled orthodox sects, to give Dr. Doddridge's paraphrase of Mark ix: 43-48. Here it is, "*If thy right hand offend thee, that is, if anything dear unto thee as thy right hand, should be the means of leading thee into sin, rather than indulge it, cut it off and cast it from thee, whatever pain, or deformity, or other detriment might follow from such a loss; for it is much better for thee to enter maimed into eternal life, than having two hands, to go down into the prison house of hell, even unto the fire which shall never be extinguished; where their corroding and upbraiding conscience is as a worm which dieth not, but with unutterable anguish still gnaws upon the heart; where the fire of divine wrath, which shall penetrate into the very soul of the sinner, is not and shall not be quenched throughout all the endless ages of eternity.*" We omit the 45th and 46th verses, they are similar to the foregoing, and continue with the 47th: "*And to repeat so wholesome and necessary an admonition!! If thine eye offend thee, or would necessarily be the means of leading thee into sin, choose rather with*

thine own hand to tear it out of its socket, to cast it away from thee as an abhorred thing, than by complying with the temptation, to hazard thy far more precious soul; for it is far better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God, or into everlasting life and blessedness with but one eye, (even though the other were not to be restored at the resurrection, but the blemish to continue forever,) than having two eyes and all the other members of thy body in the greatest perfection, to be cast into hell, where they will all be full of unutterable anguish, being tormented with everlasting fire in that dreadful prison of divine vengeance, where, as I have told you again and again, their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched nor abated, but preys perpetually on the miserable sinner that is condemned to it. For as the flesh burnt upon the altar, has salt rubbed upon it, in consequence of which it burns so much the more fiercely, so every one of those unhappy creatures, the victims of divine justice, shall be, as it were, salted with fire, and instead of being consumed by it, shall in those wretched abodes, continue immortal in the midst of their flames," &c.!!! There! It is all perfectly plain now. No one need be at a loss as to the Savior's meaning. The Dr. has made all right! "Merciful God!" may we not exclaim in the words of T. Southwood Smith, "What a thing is System! To think that a man possessing a heart of flesh and an understanding enlightened by the Christian religion, can steadily contemplate such a scene, and imagine it is a just exhibition of the conduct of the Author of this beautiful and happy world! Such conduct is worthy of the mind that plotted the Inquisition, or the heart that leaped in exultation at the device of consuming the body in flaming fire for the good of the soul; but to impute it to the pure, and lovely, and benignant Spirit that presides over the Universe, language cannot speak the horror there is in it." Yes, Merciful God! we repeat,—to think that Dr. Doddridge, a man of refined sensibilities and an enlightened understanding in other respects, and who must have known better if he knew anything, could steadily contemplate what he has here presented,—that of millions of human beings rolling in the flames of hell, their bodies salted with quenchless fire, and themselves living out an inexpressible agony of anguish, protracted and continued by the Father of all Mercies and the God of all love!—to think that he could coolly and systematically thus misrepresent the Savior's language and meaning!—to think he could put such blasphemous language in the mouth of the meek and lowly Jesus, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, and when he suffered, threatened not; who wept over the sorrows of men, and died praying for his enemies!—to think that he could represent the blessed Jesus, the Savior of mankind, as coolly and deliberately, without a sigh or a tear, but with cold and commonplace emotion and a matter-of-course air, threatening the souls he came to save with such a fearful destiny!!! It makes one's blood curdle in the veins and the very pulses of the heart, warm with the quickening emotions of life and being, freeze with horror and stand still in their places. Such a thing is System! And such a system, *Evangelical* (!) ministers, all over the land, are paid, and, in many instances, richly and gladly paid for proclaiming it as *true*. And who is called a "bad man," a "pernicious member of society," a "servant of Satan," an "emissary of the devil?" Why, the man who stands up and bravely and nobly contends against these things, in defence of the honor of man, the religion and character of Christ, and the glory of God. We confess that we cannot withhold our indignation at these things. It is enough to make the stones cry out; or, as the prophet has it, "to make the stone cry out of the wall, and the beams out of the timber answer it." The

Jews accused Christ of casting out devils in the name of devils. If that was blasphemy, by what name in all the records of human tongues shall we entitle the accusations of modern Partialism?

Geneva, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1849.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY REV. D. P. LIVERMORE.

THE DOCTRINE of the resurrection of all men from the dead constitutes one of the distinguishing and glorious doctrines of Christianity. By this, I do not mean that it had never been taught nor believed before the Savior's appearance on earth; but, that this revealed doctrine was demonstrated through the resurrection of Christ, so that with propriety it may be said to be a distinguishing feature of the christian religion. I think there is no one christian doctrine so frequently introduced and so largely treated of in the New Testament, as the doctrine of the resurrection of man—and the great change to be wrought in all men through the resurrection. Wherever Paul journeyed, he preached unto the people, Jesus and the resurrection. And this doctrine as presented by the Apostle, comes to us with divine authority, not having received the sentiments he taught of man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. We therefore receive as true what this Apostle has furnished for our instruction upon this subject.

Paul assures us, in his epistle to the Corinthians, that as many as die in Adam shall be made alive in Christ; that the last enemy, Death, shall be destroyed; and that God shall be all and in all. Then the Apostle speaks more particularly of the change to be wrought in man through the resurrection. Man is to be changed from corruption to incorruption; from dishonor to glory; from an earthly and material being to one spiritual and divine. There is as much difference between man's present and future condition as between the glory of the sun and the glory of the moon! So also is the resurrection of the dead. In this world there is corruption; in the future, incorruption—in this world there is dishonor; in the future, glory! Such is the doctrine of the Scriptures in relation to the future condition of man.

I am aware that an objection is urged against this view of the subject. It is affirmed that Paul's language was not designed to apply to *all mankind*. It was addressed particularly to believers, it is said, and had exclusive application to the Christian church.

While we admit the premise of the objector as correct, we deny that the inference drawn is legitimate. True, Paul was addressing the *Corinthian church*; but if this be proof that the language should be *confined* to those addressed, then it teaches nothing concerning the resurrection of any except the Corinthians! and by it we can learn nothing concerning the future condition of any other church even! Then all Paul's argument is to prove the resurrection and future glory of the *Corinthian brethren*!!

But the language employed shows that it was not originally designed to have a limited application. At the 12th verse of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, Paul says: "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say *some among you* that there is *no resurrection of the dead*?" According to the argument of the objector, this being addressed to the church, should consequently be confined exclusively to the church! Then some of the christian church denied the resurrection of the dead! This shows that the language employed should not be confined to any church.

Again, Paul says at the 35th verse and onward, thus: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come? THOU FOOL," &c.

Is this language peculiarly applicable to the church? According to the logic of the objector, the expression *Thou fool*, must have exclusive reference to the church, because it is contained in an epistle written to the church! As though no reference could be made, in a letter, to any one but the person addressed!

The objection is weak and fallacious. The language employed by Paul in this chapter is as expressive of universality as any language that he could employ. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Now if the apostle designed to have this language confined to the church, why did he not so inform us? and instead of saying that *all* died in Adam, and that *all* shall be made alive in Christ, say thus: "For as in Adam the church died, even so in Christ shall the church be made alive!" And every church in its own order!!

Then his expressed sentiment would have been, that only the church died in Adam, and only the church will be made alive in Christ. The question then would immediately arise, Did only the church die in Adam? If so, then *only the church need to be made alive in Christ!* for only the same number that died in Adam need to be made alive in Christ.

Though the Apostle was writing to believers, yet he was speaking of the present and future condition of *all* men. If there is any force in the objection of the opposer, then Paul's letters have no reference nor application to any but the churches and individuals addressed: than which, a more erroneous idea could not be entertained.

Having thus exhibited the fallaciousness of the objection, and shown that Paul's language was not designed to have a limited application, we reasonably conclude that it must be *universally* applied. Paul's language is expressive of universality—"So also is the resurrection of the dead"—not of the *church*—not of a particular number of the dead—but of the *dead* in general. The phrase "the dead," is frequently employed in this 15th chap of 1st Corinthians, as embracing all men. "How say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?" i. e. the dead in general. Again, "If there is no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen," "If the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised."

The Apostle is not here speaking of a limited number, but of the dead in general. Hence he said, "For as in Adam *all* die, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive." It is sown in corruption; not simply the church, but *all* men, sown in corruption; and *all* shall be raised in incorruption, glory and honor.

Thus we learn what the condition of men shall be in the resurrection state. The Scriptures teach a great and glorious change in man, in passing from this to the future world. Here we bear the image of the earthy; in the future we shall bear the image of the heavenly. Man, therefore, is to be eminently benefitted by having another life conferred upon him. Were it not so, God would let him rest forever in a state of unconsciousness. A great and glorious change is to be wrought in *all* men—all die imperfect and sinful, but all shall be made alive in Christ, and bear the image of the heavenly, and, as Jesus declared, be made equal unto the angels of God in heaven!

Such is the hope of the gospel—as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast; a hope, not simply for ourselves, but embracing kindred humanity, a world of intelligences. Those who cherish it have the peace of God, which passeth all understanding; joy unspeakable and full of glory; and are prepared to die in calmness, the triumphant death of the Christian.

Stafford, Conn., January, 1849

HYPOCRISY IN THE PULPIT.

BY REV. H. B. SOULE.

IF ANYTHING in the world should be above the reach of political influences, it is the Christian pulpit, that most efficient means of religious instruction to society. Candor and truth should ever be found there. Nothing should be suffered to weaken confidence in its purity, its honesty. Hence policy, and therefore hypocrisy, ought never to enter it, nor even to be allowed to approach it. And yet (we are pained to say it, but must say it because it is true) the sin of hypocrisy is suffered to enter there, and throw restraints around the altars of religion and limit the circle of their influence. In other days, it was the business of the pulpit to preach against sin, and rebuke unrighteousness, in language which there was no mistaking. He who will read the sermons of the last century, will find nothing in them more striking than the boldness and pointed plainness with which the preacher inveighed against the chief sins of the day. But the times, it is said, have changed, and now the pulpit must be very circumspect; when it talks about the sins of the people it must file off the edges from the words it uses, and string them together under some ambiguous figures, lest somebody shall be subjected to the pain of thinking it means themselves. The preacher, some would have us believe, must not speak the truth boldly, as Christ and Paul spake it. Nor must he venture to give utterance to the deep, sober, living convictions of his own heart, (except within a narrow circle of licensed subjects,) lest he should disturb the notions or purposes of some who hear him. Rather should he be the echo of their passions, opinions, and interests; at least, he should never depart so far from these as to occasion any uneasiness in the bosoms where they dwell.

The people have the right to scrutinize the preacher's conduct, and to condemn whatever they may deem wrong or objectionable, and in any terms, too, which come to hand; but if, in return, (and ought not this to be a part of his business?) the preacher analyze their conduct, point out what is wrong or urge its amendment, why then it is a business for which they did not call him, and for which they have no thanks. They want the preacher to be a man of policy, who will just be so charitable as to let great sins take care of themselves, and omit all that part of the gospel which would reflect too severely upon their character and life, rebuking their conduct as Christians, and calling them to repentance and reform. That is to say, in other words, he should study to be popular—not on the grand basis of open, manly, Christian truth, on every subject to which his reason and conscience call him—but through the means of deceit, through evasion and subterfuge, by withholding the truth which he conscientiously feels should be spoken—in a word, by seeming to be that which he is not, which at heart he cannot be. How disastrous to the interests of pure religion, is such a procedure towards those who fill the office of its teachers!

And thus it is, that many in our time are endeavoring to make of the preacher a mere politician, requiring of him a political address and a scheming brain, such as shall keep him in favor with all. But how fatal such an extreme! When the teachers of religion become the servants of such a spirit—daily examples of hypocrisy—religion itself will soon sink into a mere farce, and become only a splendid apology for dishonesty and crime.

Nor, while saying this, do we forget that the people have rights in their relation to the pulpit, as well as the preacher in his relation to the people; that his office does not give him any right to indulge in abuse, or to manifest towards his charge the feeling of disrespect. In this regard there is sometimes fault on the part of the preacher, which justly lays him open to censure. But while

the people, on Christian grounds, properly demand of him righteousness in deportment, and truth and love in his communications, they ought not to claim exemption from reproof of their sins, under the false plea of policy for the pulpit. This sin does, nevertheless, exist; and it is high time it were repented of. The work of reformation should be immediate and thorough. The full power of Christianity, in developing character, purifying from sin, and exalting to heavenly virtues, will never be felt in society until this spirit of hypocrisy shall be done away, and its place supplied by love of truth and moral right—a high and pure devotion to God, and an unfaltering fidelity to duty, such as shall make sin tremble and hide itself from the fearless presence of religion, reinstate conscience on the throne of her dominion, and make all life instinct with her presence and power.

Original.

FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW-LONDON, CONN.

NUMBER V.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

MESSENGERS, EDITORS:—In closing my last letter I stated the fact, that the use of the Baptist Church, where Rev. Mr. Dodge had for years officiated as Pastor, was denied to his friends, for his funeral obsequies. In turning from this deed of depravity, it rejoices me to append to it another of a different character, which helps to alternate light with the shadows that sometimes rested on the path of the Universalist society. In contrast, it appears indeed beautiful. Seeing the ungenerous spirit which their Baptist neighbors manifested, the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church volunteered the use of their meeting-house for the friends of Mr. Dodge; and here the last solemn service was performed, which consigned his body to its kindred dust.

There was now nothing for a considerable time requiring record, in the moving of religious matters amongst us, save that from some cause public sympathy seemed to be with us; and respect and good feeling towards us seemed generally to prevail, always excepting in the bosoms of that portion of the clergy whom I shall particularly name. And while it gives me pain to record their doings, in the manner which duty requires, it certainly affords me no small degree of pleasure to state that neither their influence, their conduct, nor their example, could keep the body of the community from outgrowing the meanness to which they would naturally lead.

A few months after the decease of Mr. Dodge, the minister of the second Congregational (or Presbyterian) church, was taken sick and died. The Rev. Mr. (since Doctor McEwen, preached the funeral sermon, in which he stated (with the fact before him that he could not have forgotten, that Mr. Dodge had not been laid in his grave even a twelvemonth,) that no minister of the gospel before Rev. Mr. Bolles, then just deceased, had died in New-London for more than forty years! This thrust at the reputation of Mr. Dodge, this denial to him of the claim to be a minister of the gospel was entirely gratuitous and uncalled for; and seemed only to evince the feelings with which, even in the court of death, the sectarian could judge and cast odium upon his fellow-worm! That a slur upon the Universalists was designed and previously talked of, by this procedure, seems evident by the fact that, previous to the funeral, I was given to understand by one of the "straits sect" that all the gospel ministers of the place would be invited to attend the funeral, —and all were invited except the minister of the Universalist society.

Still we moved on, nothing daunted, but knowing from remarks made in reference to the affair, frequently, by

men prominent in our community, that what was thus meant for evil God was overruling for good; and fully satisfied that it is true that he maketh the wrath of man to praise him! Unfortunately for some of the clergy, nothing of a public character occurred after this for some time, to give them an opportunity to evince the peculiar and delectable fruits of the doctrine they professed—but all moved smoothly, and of course peacefully along, till about the 4th of July, 1846, when the writer was invited by the civil authorities of the city, to deliver an oration on the anniversary of our National Independence. A committee was appointed to invite some one of the clergy to officiate as chaplain for the occasion; and of all who remained in the city that day (some were absent) not one could be found to accept the appointment. The cause was not even suspected by me at the time, nor until some time after; when later developments shed their light upon the affair.

Yet still we kept on the even tenor of our way, occasionally cheered by the substantial evidences of a growing good feeling towards us, in the minds of the community at large, and rejoicing in the belief that bigotry is not immortal; till at length a calamity befell our community, by which a thrill of horror quivered on every nerve, and a gloom was thrown over the city such as cannot be often realized. A splendid and magnificently arrayed steamer, the ATLANTIC, had been for a short time upon our waters—the first of these mammoth palaces, constructed for American waters—unequalled by any that had preceded her, and unsurpassed by any that have since been constructed, she was the pride and wonder of the N. England waters. But like all fair things of earth, she was doomed to perish. On the 27th of November, 1846, by a wreck, with the detailed disasters of which I need not open afresh the hearts that have scarcely yet ceased to bleed—the noble boat was lost, and her universally beloved commander and many others yielded their lives amid the ruin in which she was involved. Several of the bodies, most of them a family of another nation, were brought to our city to find a grave at the hands of strangers; and while a sympathizing community was assembled to bear to their long home a part of the number, and when it would seem, if ever, a fitting time for the spirit of bigotry to be tame, and sectarian prejudice to be hushed in the pervading gloom and sorrow of the occasion, there were some professed followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, the crowning spirit of whose religion is charity, who could stoop to concoct and then develop their plans, to show their peculiar sanctity by expressing their unwillingness to assist in the solemnities of the occasion, if the minister of the Universalist society was permitted to take part therein. Yes, at the house where two of the corpses from the wreck were brought for funeral solemnities, and while the citizens were gathering, to pour out their grief over the graves of the helpless strangers, Rev. TRYON EDWARDS, Pastor of the second Congregational Church in New London, went to an individual who was assisting in the conducting of the funeral and said: "There is something unpleasant about these arrangements, and Elder Swan and others say they are unwilling to have anything to do with it, if Mr. Greenwood is allowed to take part!" In astonishment, the individual replied, "Then I will report immediately to the Mayor!" Report was accordingly made, but the authorities of the city adhered to their original plan of inviting all the clergy of the city, and all attended; but the desk of the Reverend gentleman in whose house the services were performed, was closed; and the exercises were held upon the church floor! and in the procession to the grave, the doomed individual was left to walk alone, lest he should (perhaps) by his touch, contaminate the sacred persons whose pious sensibilities would fain say to him, "Stand by; come not near me, for I am ho-

lier than thou!" This would seem far enough, in all conscience, for even *bigotry* to go; but on reviving the matter in the public mind, I cherish no feelings of unkindness to those concerned, but there is an afterpiece to the affair, which in a future number will be presented which has caused me no little astonishment; and which in justice to one individual whom I had supposed implicated, (Elder Swan,) I feel bound to present.

Dover, N. H., November, 1848.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER—NO. XXX.

Rome, Sept. 7, 1848.

WE left Florence at 5 A. M., for Rome, by way of Sienna. We chose this route in preference to Perugia, because it is one day shorter—no unimportant consideration this hot weather—and proportionably cheaper. In contracting with our Veturino, we used every precaution to have everything *fixed* right: the exact time, four days; the price, &c., and the whole was formally made out in blanks kept for the purpose, and duly signed. The government of Italy regulates the matter of transporting travelers from place to place, so as to prevent the impositions to which they might otherwise be subjected. It is necessary that the person contracting should himself advance to the traveler one half the amount to be paid, as a surety that he will fulfil his contract faithfully. We took up with a few piasters which were asked for before we started; the poor fellow having been compelled to borrow it to bind the bargain. We acceded to his demand. Before we had gone far, at our breakfasting place, he asked for a portion of his pay, and though we demurred, we found he could not pay his bill without it, and so had to make advances. All this was but a presage of further difficulties.

Not long after leaving Florence we commenced ascending a rather steep hill. Thus far the country was well cultivated and productive, and many villas are seen in the vales and on the hills, with here and there a monastery or convent. The scenery, especially when looking back upon the city and the vale of the Arno, with the Appenines towering beyond, was very agreeable, varied and beautiful. But we now had more dismal prospects before us. The hills were parched with the drought, so that not a green thing was to be seen except in the bottoms of the valleys. An extra horse was hitched on, which the postillion mounted and rode to the top of the hill. Here we stopped to breakfast; and *such* a breakfast! But it was a luxurious foretaste of what was in waiting for us. Just above the hotel, crowning the very summit of the steep hill, descending in all directions, was the town, walled about to protect seventy-five or a hundred miserable, dirty dwellings.

After two hours rest we started on our way. The day was very hot, and we were soon convinced that our Veturino did not understand the management of horses; and we began to be apprehensive that trouble was in store for us. The road was excellent, but very hilly. According to law, horses are kept at all the post-houses, seven or eight miles apart, where an extra can always be had to help up the ascents. But generally a full-grown man mounts them, so that the burden to the horse is about as much as he can bear, and the *help* of little consequence to our speed.

The scenery, all day, was wild and desolate. Here and there, old, dilapidated castles, with a few rusty, tottering stone dwellings gathered about them, were seen crowning the pinnacles of high, precipitous eminences,

and occasionally a hotel or a few straggling dwellings bordered upon the highway. Everything bore the prints of the tread of time, and the wasting influence of ignorance and indolence, which seem to prevail universally in all these inland towns. The country appears more desolate because where crops are produced they are all gathered in, except the grapes, figs, olives, &c., which still exhibit signs of life. The people are poor, squalid, and filthy. In every little village we were beset by innumerable beggars, who demanded of us a pittance as if it was their right.

We arrived at Sienna before night. This is a large city, situated on a lofty hill, in a most airy, healthy, and commanding position. It formerly contained more than 100,000 inhabitants, now reduced to less than 25,000. The streets are like all Italian towns, crooked and narrow. But many houses bear marks of present wealth and comfort, which contrast favorably with the country through which we have passed. It has many traces of its former magnificence. Among them the Duomo, or cathedral, is most prominent. It is a splendid structure, in many respects the finest we have ever seen. It has a splendid front, and a large open area before it. In a square entablature, with a circular window, there are thirty-five busts, in *basso relievo*, large as life, with a full statue in each corner. Besides these, on the front there are nine statues, and two in bronze gilt, very large, seven lions, and an eagle. To these should be added the bronze doors, finely wrought, and wide platforms in marble mosaic extending along the front and one side. But the real beauty is *inside*. The richly sculptured fonts, the fine paintings and statuary, and elegant chapels; but more than all, its rich mosaic floors, representing sacred subjects in images as large as life, formed of white marble inserted into dark, by an art no longer known. This is reckoned among the most magnificent of Italian churches. If in England or America, it would be counted one of the grandest specimens of architectural extravagance, and would become an object of admiration, to which St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey would bear but a poor comparison.

The large and elegant fountain mentioned by Dante in his *Inferno*, the old palace opposite, and the buildings surrounding the Piazza are all objects of curiosity, and betoken something of the former splendor of this city. There are also several fine churches in different parts of the town, besides the Duomo, which we looked into. Some of them contain very fine pictures. The streets were full of people, who seemed very social and happy; the Cafes were well patronized. Among the mass there was no lack of fat, good-looking Priests, with their long robes and three-cornered hats, who seemed to be as merry and happy as the rest, talking, laughing, sipping their coffee, or eating an ice-cream or a Roman punch. Sienna, of all the places we have yet seen in this part of Italy, is the most elevated and airy, and best fitted for a summer residence. Everything appears tolerably decent and comfortable.

Sept. 5.—Rose at daylight and strolled about the town, to the Fountain, where women like those of the olden time, came with their pitchers for water; to the Duomo, whose still solemn arches resounded faintly with the voice of the Priest, saying early mass, in one of the many chapels. Four or five women were kneeling in different parts of the immense building, and others glided quietly in, dipped their fingers in the "holy water," crossed themselves, and knelt on the cold marble pavement before some one of the altars, and muttered over their matins. There was something solemn, grand, and overpowering in that hour. The early light was stealing in at the upper casements of stained glass, and lighting dimly and with variant hues the form and features of the sacred

scenes pictured on canvass, chiselled from the marble frescoed on the lofty ceiling, or figured in the mosaic floor. The devout soul, thus surrounded, feels itself overwhelmed and shut from the world, in close communion with its God, and gazed upon by guardian spirits. I do not wonder that so many become fondly attached to this mode of worship. And yet, when we come to think of it, we do not feel the kindlings of that *spiritual life* when touched by these consecrations of Art, as when we are in more direct communion with God's works in Nature, or when the eye is closed to all outward communications and the deep fountains of the soul are stirred by the movings of the Holy Comforter, to pure and direct contemplations of the unlikened Creator. There is too much of mode and fashion, too much of stiffness and man-influence, and not enough of the uncontrolled and spontaneous, of the full and free. A solemn awe pervades the spirit, and the soul feels overwhelmed, crushed, sad and gloomy; for here there is no voice which says, "Be strong, fear not—Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." Hence the reason why so many worshippers appear heart-broken, as if no comfort, no ray of hope was theirs. And then the sad countenances, the poor, and often tattered garments of the worshippers, contrast unfavorably with the splendor and magnificence of the building, and the rich and gaudy dress of the prelate. Something seems strangely out of joint, wrong, and unsuitable in all this mingling of pride and poverty at the altar of Christianity—in the service of that common Master who came to level the distinctions of earth, and had not himself where to lay his head. The beauty of these temples is not objected to, only because other things are not in correspondence. The heavenly Jerusalem is represented as vastly more splendid, but those who inhabit it shall be vastly more worthy. These churches seem to depress rather than elevate, by the strange contrasts seen in them.

After a very comfortable breakfast, we started on our way, leaving the city by a lofty old Roman gateway and descending into a deep valley. Around the town are some gardens and vineyards, now withered by the drought, but before us all was naked and desolate, and the valleys said to be exceedingly malarious. In the distance were seen dingy towns and old castles on the peaks of precipitous hills. We met men driving asses, with loads on their backs. Some had bricks, tiles, &c. Carts and waggons are not used here. We also met women with baskets of vegetables, milk, butter, &c., going to market.

At nine, we stopped an hour or two at the little, dirty town of Buonoconvento, went into the little church, bought figs, looked about—at the shoemakers at work in the streets, the women cleaning hemp, spinning with their hands, or weaving on looms, made, I should think, in the year *One*. While sitting on a stool on the shady side of the street, a middle aged woman came along and scraped into a pile with her hands some manure just fallen in the street. While she hurried home to get a basket, a man came along and began to gather it up with his hand. Jezebel saw it, and back she came, with such fire and fury flashing from her eyes, and such words on her tongue, that the poor man could not stir, but stood and took it meekly and mutely, attempting no justification for meddling with another's property. I wished I understood Italian just then. But such is the value set upon the manure gathered from the road, that all the way through Germany and Switzerland, as well as here, boys and girls are seen collecting it in baskets or little hand-waggons, several miles from any dwellings. It is regarded as the property of the first comer.

Our Boston friend caught a little of the spirit of the old termagant, and reeled off a yarn to our Veturino for his long delays and slow driving. He was, in fact,

none of the smartest, and one of his horses was old and poor, and began to show signs of infirmity by no means agreeable. But scolding an Italian is of little service. They take it as if it was a common thing. We passed a few miserable villages and a wretched country, nearly destitute of all vegetation; a few olive trees and occasionally some withered grape vines afforded the only signs of life.

At one, we rested at San Quirico, a small town, very prettily situated on the summit of a hill, and surrounded by orchards of old olive trees. It contained a Duomo, and near it is a famous well of great depth, from which a large share of the village is supplied with water drawn up in pitchers or little tin vessels, holding three or four quarts, tied to small cords, which have worn off bars of iron and into the rock with which it is covered. The water is cool and good. Such a dinner!—never mind, worse ones are to come. Another going's in with Mr. Veturino. But now the fault is ours. On our way we had urged him to give his horses some water. He had never done it. After as much persuasion as we could make him understand, he gave one a quart, not two, and *now* that was the cause why he was giving out. These Veturinos never water their horses, except when they feed them.

We got started at about four, and reached Radicofani at dark. The road was hilly, and the country rough and barren. The hills were to our advantage, for then we had a post-horse added. This city is situated on the side of a lofty hill, the old citadel crowning the apex, which in its day was considered impregnable, and being on the borders of ancient Etruria, was a point of great consequence. This is a celebrated bathing place, for, though elevated some thousand feet above the surrounding country, there are immense springs of pure water which gush out of the earth just below the summit of the hill and flow down in rills, giving life in all their course. The Hotel at which we tarried, is designed for invalid-boarders, and a large hydropathic establishment is in operation. Not far off there is a mineral spring which deposits a hard calcerous substance, which an ingenious man has turned to account, by setting moulds in which are deposited medallion busts of various kinds and sizes, which he offers for sale to travelers. We purchased some Pio Nono's. The view of the country from this spot is extensive in all directions.

Sept. 6th.—Started at sunrise. Descend several miles into a deep valley and soon stop at the Custom-house, show passports, pay two pauls and pass into the Papal States without an examination. Cross the bed of several torrents now dry, pass over an ancient stone bridge and ascend to Aquapendente, so called from the waterfalls near it, a miserable, dirty town, of two or three thousand inhabitants. Outside the gate, forty or fifty men and women were busy in swingling hemp. A small log, raised on four legs, is scooped out on the upper side, across which the hemp is laid and then struck with a "swingling-knife," till it is fully cleaned and ready for hackling—quite an improvement on the practice of picking off the fibres by hand, as we have seen it in other places. Our passports were demanded at the gate and delivered to us on the opposite side of the town. Our Veturino would not consent to stop here to breakfast, assuring us we should fare better at the next town. While the bother was going on about passports and a post-horse, I ran into the large church,—about the only decent looking building in town. It contains some statues and several very fine paintings, one, the raising of Lazarus, was some twenty feet by twelve—a modern work. Two old monks were saying prayers. Splendid churches, miserable and dirty dwellings, and a poor, de-

praved, and ignorant people, meet us in every town. Beggars without number.

We did not reach San Lorenzo Nuovo, where the good hotel had been promised us, till 10 o'clock, owing to the *debility* of one of our horses. But we feasted on the way upon blackberries, which grow in abundance by the road-side, and seemed to be untouched by the inhabitants. Our guide book and Vetturino told great things of this little town, formed of a single street, fronting on a large oval piazza, with the road crossing it, and a large church on one side at right angles with it. It was built by one of the Popes for the inhabitants who had before dwelt in the sickly valley below it, bordering upon a large pond (Lago) which lies just beyond it. On approaching the town we saw the tempting sign, "Hotel del'Eude France," and below, "Il y a une collection de Tableaux de vases Etrusques et d'autres objets antiques des Beaux Artes." Well, thought we, this is very nice. While breakfast is preparing we will take a look at this "collection of paintings, Etruscan vases, and other objects of the Fine Arts." So breakfast was—ordered? No. Asked for? No. Searched for? Yes, but that did no good, for the *materiel* was not there. No bread, no milk, no butter, no meat! A poor look, thought I, and started off. I took a turn around (inside) the town, and at our place of egress found some decent figs. I picked out eight and asked the price, giving a paul. The girl gave back nine *biocchi* and gave me four more figs! I admired her honesty and gave her a *biocchio* for *buono-monie*. Twelve figs for one cent! cheap enough. I looked on and found some strings of bread the size of my thumb, in a triangular shape. I took four at two cents, strung them on my arm, and returned to the Hotel, eating as I went. Several ragged children looked at me so hungrily with their sunken eyes, that I divided two strings among them. I found my friends busy in the kitchen, cooking; one was boiling eggs, the other had procured a slice of smoked oily pork, and was frying it. Soon friend H. came into the dining-room with his eggs, a spoon and knife; when the girl returned with some bread and wine. After a while he procured some salt. I sat on a bench eating meantime, feeding the skins of the figs to eight ducks collected in the *Saal a manger*, who seemed, by their quacking, very grateful for my favors. Soon friend F. came and inquired how to fry eggs. I showed him and the gentleman-cook in attendance, as well as I knew how, and by the time H. was done he was ready to begin. This is the best and only Hotel for many miles. These Italians are a filthy, indolent race, worse than the Irish, though in appearance more cheerful, and better satisfied with their lot.

After a long argumentation with our driver, in which, for the first time, I took part, we started, he promising to get fresh horses the first opportunity. Two hours brought us down to the Lago celebrated in olden time, but now so unhealthy that nobody can live near it, on the shore of which many women were rotting hemp. Another hour brought us to Balsino. While the Vetturino was getting fresh horses we strolled about the small town, looked at the fine and copious fountains, with the old ruins back of it, for this was once a large place, and of great importance, and at the wretched, lazy, sickly inhabitants sitting in the shade of the houses. It is a miserable town, though beautifully located on the borders of the lake. Our team of post-horses really made a fine start—three of us in the carriage, the Vetturino, a large man, and his son perched on the box, and a postillion on the high horse—a fair load for three small horses. But we made good progress, and reached Montefiascone in good time. I was dispatched into the town for some provisions, while the horses were changed at the post-house outside the walls. This, like most Italian towns, is on the top of a high hill, walled about, with a citadel and Duomo tower-

ing above everything else. I had time to take a look into the church, a massive and rather plain building, with only a few paintings, and then search about for food. I found some grapes, figs, sticks of bread, but could get nothing else, and these were half begged away from me before I got outside the gate. Soon the team came along in grand style; but stopping to take me in, one horse refused to go further. After a long delay the contrary horse was set free, and we went on with two. My friends had devoured one bottle of wine and purchased another for me to participate, showing me a sentence in the guide book which asserted that this was the most famous wine in all Italy, so excellent that a certain priest once coming this way drank enough to kill himself. I replied that that was no recommendation, for many had done the same thing since, on a poorer article. But I tasted of it and must confess I loved it, the first and only wine I ever did love. Wines are very cheap, not more than ten or twelve cents a bottle.

Whip! crack! whew! down we go at a pretty good rate. In the plain below we passed, at a mile or two distant, a sulphur lake, which scented the air. The water is hot, and at evening a vapor is collected over it and the streams issuing from it, for some distance. At dark we were at Viterbo, an ancient and very considerable town. It has a fine gate, a splendid fountain, a large piazza, and several fine buildings. We found a very good Hotel. Here our Vetturino sold us out, but not without our consent. He found he could not come the common tricks over Yankees, so we arranged on the original terms and were glad to relieve him. He could understand some French, but we were now to have one who knew not a word except Italian. Multitudes were in the streets to attend the fair and the display of fireworks.

Sept. 7.—By starting at four, we were able to reach Rome before sunset. We passed over a sandy ridge of hills, by the crater of an extinct volcano, now a small lake in the bottom. At the foot, streams of water were led off to irrigate the fields, which look green and beautiful, an oasis in this burnt desolation. Passed an old ruined town, crossed the valley, and ascended to a little village, where we stopped and got breakfast—by being our own cooks. Such dirty, dismal, wretched hotels I never saw; worse than the mud hovels of Ireland, and as little in them. It is said every man must eat his peck of dirt. We have had, at least, half a bushel since we came into Italy. We found bread, but no butter or milk. Wine can always be had as the people mostly live on bread and wine.

Twenty-two women were washing in the stone basin of the fountain before the hotel. Some of them were very handsome brunettes with good forms, keen black eyes and laughing faces. Washing here, as in Switzerland, is done in cold water and at the public fountains. We were somewhat amused to see a woman mount a jackass, on top of several packages, the same as men do. We have seen the ladies riding *astride* their beasts ever since we entered the Papal States, and in no other way; but until now we had never seen the process of *fixing* themselves in that position. It certainly looks very awkward and unbecoming. They use no stirrup, but let their legs hang dangling by the sides of the little animals, their feet reaching almost to the ground. Custom regulates fashion, and modesty conforms.

Started at one, ascended a ridge of hills and caught the first glimpse of Rome and the dome of St. Peter's; passed through the Campagna, a level, desolate tract, with a road all dust, with lofty circular towers here and there, and occasional post houses. Otherwise all is nearly a barren waste—a few signs of dried spires of grass here and there. The curse of God is on this land. The people need redemption.

W. S. B.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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LOW STATE OF PIETY AMONG THE BAPTISTS.

A writer in the "N. Y. Baptist Register," a few weeks since, signing his name D. D. Reed, (probably a clergyman of that denomination) gives a very melancholy account of the present spiritual condition of the Baptist Churches in the Black River region. He feelingly alludes to former seasons of prosperity among them, when they were so often "favored with gracious visitations from the Throne," in the form of Revivals; and though some of his brethren think the present dearth of revivals, and low ebb of Religion, is a favorable time for purifying the churches and winnowing out the chaff, (such, we presume, as was gathered in under the revivals of Knapp and Swan, and similar mountebanks,) yet he seems to think far otherwise. He says:

"We are, however, at issue with those who contend that the times are profitable for the churches, by winnowing out the chaff which was incautiously gathered with the wheat, when great excitement prevailed, and by trying the faith and patience of the truly faithful. That they are conducive to the spiritual health and prosperity of the churches, or the salvation of sinners, is a point we can never concede. That they test the fidelity of Christians, and the genuineness of their hopes, we allow. So did the dark ages. But that errors then made rapid strides and were favorable to the spread of universal corruption and appalling defection, is an historical fact too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. The experience of the churches for a few years past, is a woful confirmation of this truth."

By the "rapid strides of error," and "the spread of universal corruption, and appalling defection," the writer undoubtedly means the spread of doctrines and practices, different from those of the Baptists. It is very possible some of their converts have turned Universalists, discarded the monstrous dogma of endless misery, and allowed themselves to rejoice in the hope of the final purity and bliss of all mankind. Such changes we believe have occurred in nearly all the places where Knapp, and those like him, have preached and succeeded in getting up what they call "revivals of religion." And from the bitter hostility and prejudice of the Register against the denomination and opinions of Universalists, there is no doubt that such changes would be characterized or denounced in that paper as defections, as "rapid strides in error" and "corruption."

But it is not improbable that the reaction, after the excesses practised by Baptists and other Orthodox sects, so called, might not have stopped here, by a few discriminating minds leaving their ranks and embracing reasonable and scriptural doctrines. One extreme follows another. And it is undoubtedly true that many, after passing through these fierce revival-excitements, abandoned them and rushed to the opposite extreme, either of open infidelity and opposition to all religion, or utter coldness and disregard of all. Such have too often and too widely been the results of these mad revivals. The necessary results, the legitimate fruits of these unnatural excitements are thus described by this Baptist writer, though he is far from suspecting the real cause of the mischief described:

"Rarely has the spiritual thermometer been seen at a lower point than now. Religion is emphatically cast into the back ground, and earth is made to occupy a commanding position in the view of the great mass. Worldly temptations have become

so strong that they threaten to engulf the entire multitude; without distinction, in the mighty sweep of their potent influences.

* * * Pride, popularity, extravagance, politics—anything but religion! To its melting entreaties, persuasive tones, and startling vociferations, the ear is deaf, and the heart is steeled. The picture, evidently drawn with fearful accuracy, of the state of religion in Ohio, is not peculiar to one or more associations in that State, but is a fac simile of what may be seen, with few exceptions, throughout the length and breadth of the land."

This is indeed a sad picture, but no doubt true. The following paragraph from the same pen describes the former prosperity of the Baptist Churches, contrasted with their present low and depressed condition:

"Black River region has been heretofore remarkably favored with gracious visitations from the Throne. For a succession of years, large and valuable accessions were annually made to the strength and piety of the churches. Each one enjoyed the stated ministry of the word, and sustained for the most part its own pastor. Especially has it been a soil in which Baptist principles have flourished. But the case is far otherwise now. *Our movement is retrograde, and has been for a long time.* Some churches are destitute, and others are receiving temporary supplies; others still, are *well nigh extinction*: while some have held on their course and have been abundantly prospered. There is positively an alarming insensibility among professors of religion in relation to this subject. We mention not these things to wound the feelings of any, but, if possible, to direct attention to them—for unless there is a check soon given to this downward tendency, a state of things will be induced, and a gloom cast over our future prospects that shall sicken the most hopeful."

After expatiating still more, and lamenting over the sad defections and coldness in the churches, and pathetically asking, "To what condition are we fast verging?" This writer suggests the following remedy:—"I know, Br. Editor, you will join with me in saying that a *revival of religion is imperiously demanded*." This then is the remedy proposed, a *revival of religion*. And we heartily agree with him. If a true and genuine revival of the old fashioned pure religion of the Gospel of Christ can be effected throughout the region thus made desolate, we have no doubt the evils spoken of will all be corrected or removed. Light and life, and joy and peace, truth and virtue, gratitude, zeal, devotion, faith, hope and charity will all abound; and coldness, scepticism, irreligion, impiety and worldliness will yield to the overpowering influence of that Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." But mind, this revival must not be like those "got up" by Knapp and Swan and Finney and Burchard, a few years ago, in which reason and common sense and decency were thrown aside, utterly outraged, and every extravagance and excess indulged; in which a blind infatuation and confidence in the spiritual juggler who managed the meeting, was substituted for faith in God and Christ, narrow prejudice and bitter sectarian spite, in room of that charity that "thinketh no evil;" and wild ranting religious monomania, in place of rational piety, enlightened devotion and practical goodness. For such revivals as these are not the remedy for the evils complained of. Indeed they have been the most fruitful source of them. And Satan can no more cast out Satan, now than in the days of our Savior's pilgrimage on earth.

We truly lament the prevalence of scepticism, indifference, impiety and irreligion, and would fain do what we can to remedy and remove them out of the way. We would that Universalists generally—without exception—were more devout, more truly pious, more engaged on the subject of religion, more anxious to bring about a *genuine revival of religion*, and to be, of all denominations, the most forward and effectual workers and the fullest participants in it. For then would our "light rise in

obscurity, and our darkness become as the noon-day." Then would the "light of the moon be to us as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun would be seven fold, as the light of seven days," and glory would beam forth from all our churches.

While we lament then, the low state of religion and the coldness that prevails in the Partialist churches and think we understand the causes that have operated to produce it, let us guard against the like causes among us; and while we deprecate and condemn as evil, those *spurious revivals*, let us never oppose, but in every laudable way seek to promote and encourage a true revival of the true religion of the Great Master.

D. S.

THE DEATH OF BR. PINGREE.

We cannot permit an event so deeply afflictive as the death of Br. Pingree, to pass without paying to his memory the tribute of affection and esteem. When he left his New England home for the West, he called upon me in Boston. In a conversation with him, I found that it was his purpose to engage, for a season, in keeping school. I therefore sought to dissuade him from going, for I was fearful that he would become so engaged in teaching, as to have his mind withdrawn from the ministry. I expressed my fears very freely to him, but he assured me that there was not the slightest danger of the evil I apprehended; that his heart was set upon the ministry, and that his days would certainly be devoted to it. I had another reason for the advice which I gave him. It did not appear to me that he was fitted for the west. He was diffident, retiring, and quiet in his manners; and I knew that for a man to succeed well at the west, he must be bold, confident, and showy. Notwithstanding all I said, he concluded to go on; and his success has proved that his decision was a wise one. He had not been long in his chosen field of labor, before his name began to attract attention. His writings were pungent, able and popular, and his preaching called together crowds of admiring hearers. His success remained a mystery to me, till I heard him at the United States Convention, at its session in Akron, Ohio. From the discourse which he delivered there, I saw at once that he had studied the western character, and adapted himself to it. His preaching had all those characteristics which were requisite to give him influence. It was bold, positive and energetic. I listened to him with perfect amazement; I could hardly realize that he was the quiet and diffident man with whom I parted but a few years before in Boston.

Br. Pingree was a man of great industry both as a student and a preacher. He was not only mentally but physically active. He applied himself diligently and untiringly to his work. As a writer, he had but few equals of his age; as an itinerant preacher he was wonderfully popular; as a settled preacher he was remarkably successful; as a debater, he was ready, strong, and equal to the best trained debaters among our opponents at the West. Dr. Rice, the great leader among the Presbyterians, who was put forth by them as their champion against the celebrated A. Campbell, had not more tact, skill or power in controversy than Br. Pingree. We have read their famous debate with great satisfaction; and have felt to bless God for giving to the truth so able an advocate.

It seems almost impossible, that a young man could do so much for the cause of religion in a few years, as Br. Pingree did. To him and Br. Gurley our denomination in the West, owes much of its present strength and prosperity. They have been one in their efforts and views; they have counselled together, preached together and travelled together over vast portions of the West. The "Star in the West," which they have

edited for years, has been one of our most spirited, able and excellent papers. How Br. Gurley will miss his co-worker! And how the people, in their great gatherings at Conventions and Associations will miss him! They loved him as a brother; they esteemed him as a true man; they honored him for his zeal and devotion to their abused and despised, yet glorious religion. May the Lord raise up others to take his place, and sanctify his death to the cause of truth.

O. A. S.

OUR CAUSE IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

We are happy to learn that the good cause is in a very flourishing condition in Providence. Some members of the Second Society called on us the other day. They were in the city to procure material for furnishing their new Church, which is to be completed and ready for dedication early in March. It is described as a very neat building, which will be handsomely furnished throughout. It contains one hundred pews, and will seat, with the singing gallery, 700 persons. It is centrally situated, and will accommodate the Society very well.

The church of the First Society has undergone considerable improvement. A new pulpit, and a new and excellent organ have displaced the old ones, and, what is still better, we are told the congregation has greatly increased of late, and that everything is in a prosperous condition.

There are many excellent and devoted believers in Providence.—full enough to sustain the two Societies in good condition. They will now have good and handsome churches, both situated in the very heart of the city, more central than those of any other denomination. Zeal, prudence, and union, will give them an influence for truth and goodness which will be irresistible. May God prosper them abundantly.

The following, intended for our last issue, was not received until our paper had gone to press.

PHILADELPHIA PARAGRAPHS.

The "Heart and Hand Section, No. 83, Cadets of Temperance," has announced a public Entertainment for Monday evening, February 5th—to be held at the Chinese Museum. The Programme is very promising—consisting of many Songs, Harmonies, Dialogues, Addresses, &c. The proceeds in money, at one-eighth of a dollar admission, are to be devoted to the interests of the Section. I shall be glad to hear of a crowded house, and would be pleased to accept the invitation to deliver an address on the occasion, were it not for a previous engagement.

Persons who desire to purchase Universalist books in Philadelphia, will find them at McCully's, 216 South Second, and at Clausen's 47 Chestnut. Those who have not yet procured the Register and Almanac for 1849, have an opportunity to supply themselves. The work for this year is unusually interesting and useful. Br. Grosh deserves much credit for the great variety of miscellaneous reading, as well as for the usual statistics, accurately prepared and much condensed, in this number of the Register.

Our Conference Meetings in the Session Room of the Lombard-street Church, are held on Wednesday evenings, at half past 7 o'clock. They have been largely attended for several months past. A Conference Meeting is held every Friday evening, in Keim's Hall, North Fourth-street, above Vine—conducted mainly by laymen; my time has been so wholly occupied of late, that I have been unable to attend, but hope for some leisure shortly.

Our Lombard-street Sunday School has doubled its number of pupils within the last six months. O, that we had a larger room for their accommodation! Also, would to Heaven we had an increase of zeal everywhere in our denomination, in the Sunday School cause. What do the Messenger, Ambassador, Magazine and Advocate folks say to a few pointed articles on the subject from

A. C. T.

THE FREE ACADEMY.

This Institution went into operation last Monday. It has a large and elegant building, situated on Lexington Avenue and 23d street, which was opened on Saturday, the 20th ult., by appropriate services. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Kelly, the President of the Board of Education, by Mr. Webster, the Principal of the Institution, and by Mayor Havemeyer, all able and appropriate to the occasion.

It is understood that only about half of the young applicants were admitted to the Institution, owing to their inability to pass the proper examination. About 268 applied and only 140 were admitted. Considerable complaint has been made on this subject. Some have been accused of unfairness or partiality; but, we are confident, without the least foundation in justice. Many have doubted the correctness of the method adopted. It is represented that the plan of examination was something like this. Boys who had been pupils in the Public or Ward schools nine months, received certificates from the teacher to that effect. These certificates were presented to Mr. Webster, the Principal of the Free Academy, who gave each a Number by which he was admitted to the different professors who examined him in spelling, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, history and grammar. Every boy was then numbered according to a scale in all these studies, and returned to Mr. Webster; if high enough in *all* he was admitted; if failing in *either*, he was rejected. No doubt the plan was strictly and honorably carried out. And the cause of the complaint (where there was any *real cause*) is in the plan itself. For instance, it is said, a boy may rank No. 1, in everything but grammar, and in that have a good knowledge of the "*principles of language*"—have the "*art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety*," but fails in the technical, parrot-like method of *parsing*; he must be rejected, while another with less knowledge of the construction of sentences, but true to the verbal memory, is able to back up a sentence according to *rule* or some of the "*exceptions*," and is admitted. Some have doubted if the Honorable Board of Education itself, or *all* the learned Professors in the Academy could pass such an examination.

Having had these reports often made to us, and feeling some *personal* interest, we took it upon us to visit the Academy, and inquire into the foundation of these complaints. We were received by Mr. Webster in a very cordial manner, who offered us every facility to satisfy ourselves. And we are fully satisfied that there is no ground for the reports which have been put into circulation. The case alluded to in the "*Journal of Commerce*" was fully and satisfactorily explained. The desire and design of the Faculty was to admit *all* boys who were qualified to begin and prosecute the course of studies to be pursued in that Institution. In the examination, the strictest impartiality was observed, and a kind and liberal spirit shown to every applicant. There was not, we are assured, any fastidious adherence to particular systems, but a simple desire to ascertain whether the scholar was, as our new-lights would say, "*sufficiently developed in the fundamental branches*" to be admitted. Some standard must be adopted. The Board sought to do the best thing they could, in justice to all.

It is to be regretted that anything should occur to weaken public confidence in this noble enterprise, one of the grandest of the age. New York, the metropolis of the New World, with a unanimity almost unparalleled in the history of any project, has commenced the work of giving a *free* education in all the higher branches of learning, and has thus shown itself careful of intellectual culture, as well as of the number of its inhabitants, the

grandeur of its buildings, and the extent of its commerce and wealth. The Free Academy is a prouder monument than it has ever reared, and, properly managed, will forever remain, the loved and honored of all the good and wise. Those entrusted with its management should feel their responsibility to the present and future generations, and see that its powers are not wasted on a *superficial* and *conforming* education, but that everything is thorough and progressive.

We have the fullest confidence in the Principal, as a gentleman and a scholar, amply fitted for his place; and, as far as we know, every Professor is qualified for his place. If it should prove to be otherwise, the necessary change will doubtless be promptly made. The public may have the fullest confidence in this Institution, which presents new and abundant facilities for the cultivation of talent and character. The "*common people*" have great reason to rejoice that an opportunity is afforded for the education of their children in all the higher branches of a finished education; and the world should be glad that talent and merit are no longer to lie in obscurity, for lack of means to bring them forward to usefulness and honor.

ANOTHER WORK ON UNIVERSALISM NEEDED.

There is no clear, critical work on Universalism, which one feels satisfied to put into the hands of an inquirer or objector, as a full and sufficient exposition of our doctrinal views. We need one which will not merely state and defend the sentiment in a general way, but one which exhibits our method of Scripture exegesis, philosophical reasoning, and the moral and practical bearings of the doctrine in reference to the relations and duties of life. We have *many* works of merit. These should be condensed into one, and be fitted up in an attractive and readable style for general distribution. Besides, there have been some changes in the views of our denomination, and the mode of interpreting Scripture; and we are not answerable for all that has been put forth under our name, or by our prominent men. Holding to the largest liberty of thought and speech, we cannot, of course, adopt a "*platform*" on which all can stand, except in terms somewhat general. We do not wish to do it. But we should like to see a work to which we could refer all who would know what *Universalism* is—a work worthy to be translated into the German and French languages, and circulated among those at home and in the old countries, who understand those languages.

Never does one feel so forcibly the want of such a synoptical treatise as when among those who would know more of our faith, who are anxious to prosecute their inquiries upon the momentous subject of the object and destiny of human life. Never does he feel so much like buckling still closer the armor of the Gospel, and rushing forth into the thickest of the fight, as when he sees truth, long crushed and enslaved, struggling to rise up against popular error—the simplicity of practical Christianity, against the mysteries and corruptions of church establishments, but failing for lack of light. Never does he desire so earnestly the "*gift of tongues*," to speak on God's behalf before men of other nations, as when he sees them approaching the same great work, needing but a word to dispel what difficulty remains; to correct the impressions made by those who have slandered us, and establish a lasting fellowship between those of like precious faith. Never does he feel such a "*readiness to revenge*," the wrong as when he learns that narrow-minded and sectarian men have misrepresented our doctrines and vilified our characters among those who have thought well of us and our views. Deeply does the lover of righteousness

yearn for an opportunity and *the means* to put the "lying lips to shame," by exhibiting the truth in the case. He wants also to inform the ignorant, and correct the honest mistakes of those who have unintentionally done us wrong for want of proper information.

There is not in Europe any treatise on the doctrine of Universalism. There are many works which involve it. One is much needed which will give a fair and full exhibition of the doctrine. It should be written in a somewhat critical style, to make it acceptable to that class which would be most likely to read and profit by it. We have no *one* work we can offer them for translation and publication. We have *many* they would, doubtless, read with profit. But they want a sort of manual of our faith to prepare the way for our other works. It is believed no better service could be performed by some one qualified for the task, than the preparation of such a work. Then it would be a matter fit for consideration whether we should not do well to raise money to circulate a large edition *gratuitously* at home, and in Europe. It seems to us a vast amount of good might be done in this way; that it would be the best kind of missionary labor, and calculated to tell favorably upon future generations. The orthodox have formed a correct estimate of this mode of labor, and have sent their colporteurs all over the world with their works. We owe it to ourselves and to truth to get up and circulate such a work as we have alluded to; and we hope the matter will be attended to.

W. E. B.

REV. JOHN FOSTER.

We cut the following notice of this distinguished divine from a late number of the "Star in the West." We have now on hand a large quantity of the letter published at this office a year or two since, in which, though a member of the Baptist denomination, he distinctly and with great force and energy, defends the views held by Universalists on the subject of endless punishment. It appears to us that the circulation of this production among our partialist brethren might be attended with very happy results.

"Our readers are not strangers to this gentleman's name, for we have frequently alluded to him in the Star. He was the most eminent Baptist probably in the world; and although England was his home, his writings are highly prized by the Baptists of this country. He believed in the *salvation of all men*; and it is worthy of remark that this item of his faith was not very offensive to his brethren. It produced no alienation of feeling on their part.

The "Christian Review," the leading Baptist work in the United States, contains a long article, headed, REV. JOHN FOSTER AND HIS REVIEWERS, in which the writer speaks of him in extravagant terms of praise, and makes particular allusion to his Universalism. He says that "no uninspired man ever saw farther" into truths of an awful and threatening character; but it is to be remembered that with all his *sharp-sightedness* he could not see *endless misery in the Bible*. The writer further testifies that "scarcely one of all those who profess to believe in eternal punishment, has so *deep so abiding* and so SALUTARY a sense of eternal realities as Foster had." And yet, Foster was a Universalist in sentiment!

The following paragraph from this Baptist writer is worthy of particular notice:

"If this was the case with Foster, his experience was by no means singular. Though we have not known any who, from the same cause, did actually disbelieve in eternal punishment, we have known some excellent individuals who always felt a painful shrinking in view of this subject. Were they not fortified against such a feeling, they would have disbelieved. As far as our acquaintance extends, such persons have far greater awe of eternal things resting on their souls than those who never have experienced any difficulty in making endless misery appear as truth." Pp. 49-51.

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.

We learn that quite an interesting ceremony took place at the American Museum, on Friday evening of last week. An elegant silver pitcher, weighing thirty four ounces, highly ornamented and engraved with the inscription, "Presented to Fordyce Hitchcock Esq., as a testimonial of respect," was presented to Mr. H. with appropriate ceremonies, on the occasion of his retiring from the management of that institution. A rich and valuable silver tea service was also presented to him, at the same time, by the proprietor, P. T. Barnum Esq., as a token of personal regard, and of the high estimation in which his services were held. These presents were, no doubt, as grateful to the feelings of the recipient, as they were honorable to the donors. The Museum under its late management, has attained a wide celebrity, as a place of rational and innocent amusement, and has become a fashionable resort for thousands, much to the satisfaction of the manager and proprietor, as well as their delighted visitors.

It is understood that Mr. H. retires from the post which he has so long and ably filled, with the view of engaging in less arduous mercantile pursuits.

WORCESTER, MASS.

The pastor of the Society, Rev. A. Case, communicates the following statistics in regard to his Congregation, in a recent number of the Christian Freeman.

"I commenced a record on the 26th November, and continued to the close of the year. It is as follows:	
Nov. 26—Whole number in attendance,	615
" 30—Thanksgiving day,	591
Dec. 3—Whole number,	700
" 10— " " "	235
" 17— " " "	717
" 24— " " "	792
" 31— " " "	376

Average per day, about 575.

The greatest number of attendants at any service was 460.

The least number at any service was 99.

If this plan of reporting the number in attendance at church, shall have a tendency to stimulate the people to a greater degree of punctuality in attending to this branch of Christian duty, as it seems to us well calculated to do, it may become expedient for the pastors of other churches to resort to it. Our columns are at the service of any of our brethren, who may desire to offer a communication of this sort to the public.

PROVIDENCE TEA PARTY.

The Ladies of the First Universalist Society in Providence, R. I., will hold a Tea-party, or Social Levee, in the Vestry of the Church, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1849. The same perfect arrangements as last year will be made, and the utmost effort will be put forth to render the evening one of great and innocent festivity. Admission by tickets at 50 cents.

BANGOR, ME.

Rev. H. R. Nye, as we learn from the Eastern papers, has after a brief absence, received and accepted an invitation to return to the pastoral charge of the Society in the above named place. This plan of ministers being re-settled over parishes where they have once labored, is getting to be quite fashionable of late, and indicates, we think, a commendable disposition on the part of all the parties interested.

Louis Napoleon was called an imbecile, now he is a clever fellow. Had Caviagnac been elected, Louis Napoleon would have remained a simpleton.

QUARREL AMONG THE METHODISTS.

We learn from the last "Advocate and Journal," that the Commissioners of the M. E. Church, South, have announced their resolution to commence a prosecution, against the Northern Branch of that Church, in order to obtain an equitable share of the Joint Property, and that four eminent lawyers are employed to carry on the suit. So then, it would seem that these professedly holy men, and nominal followers of the Prince of Peace, from words are about to proceed to blows, or, in other words, that they have become so much conformed to the world, that they in the first place indulge in bitter epithets and the calling of hard names, and then, after the manner of "the world's people" call in the lawyers to settle the difficulty. Verily, if the world is not to be evangelized until that work is accomplished through the agency of Methodism, we apprehend that it will be a long time before the reign of "peace on earth and good will to men shall be fully established." We would most earnestly and respectfully ask the parties to this contest, before they commence operations, to sit down and carefully estimate how many souls might be saved with the money that will be wasted in it, and then ask themselves how they will answer at the bar of judgment, for allowing so many souls to sink into endless perdition, merely because they cannot settle their difficulties without a law-suit. Will some one of our Methodist brethren be kind enough to point us to the directions contained in the Sermon on the Mount, or in any other part of the gospels, for managing an affair of this kind?

THE CHOLERA.

Its causes, prevention and cure, showing the inefficacy of the drug treatment, and the superiority of the Water Cure in this disease. By Joel Shew, M. D.

Such is the title of a neat and well written pamphlet of 98 pages, comprising the substance of three lectures, delivered by the author in Clinton Hall, on the interesting subject of which it treats, and recently published by Fowler & Wells, 131 Nassau-Street. As there is reason to apprehend another visitation of that dire scourge, which has threatened us of late, it behooves all who value either life or health, to make themselves acquainted with all the means of prevention or of cure within their reach. We cordially commend the above work, as containing much useful and valuable information.

A sensible writer said, "I am half out of patience with societies for converting Jews, Turks, and New Zealanders, while there are people in our great cities who have never heard of a God except to blaspheme him."

Of 48 students entered at West Point last July, 20 failed to pass the January examinations, and were dismissed. Indolence and inefficiency.

English caricatures are always more humorous than the French; but occasionally monsieur has a good hit. A recent caricature represents Louis Napoleon trying on the imperial crown, which has slipped over his face, exclaiming, in his perplexity, "Decidedly, my uncle had a larger head than mine."

A company, with a capital of \$6,000, has been formed in Northampton, Mass. for a trading expedition to California, under the agency of the Rev. P. F. Tracy.

A NEW YORK HOTEL GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—One of the most curious of the investments about to be made in California for this city, is in an hotel. A building has been prepared, complete in all its parts, and shipped on board a vessel bound to San Francisco. It will accommodate 200 persons when finished. All its furniture goes with it, beds and bedding, carpets, and the complete fixtures of a first rate hotel. The entire cost of this venture is \$70,000. A gentleman of high worth and much experience goes out in charge of it.—*Post*.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE HALL OF MIRTH.

BY MISS A. A. MORTON,

I stood in a hall midst a joyous throng,
Who were moving light to the dance and song;
And I marked the flash of many an eye,
As the forms in their beauty floated by,
While their rapturous songs, and shouts of glee
Rang out in the midst of that revelry.

Then a voice stole down to my throbbing heart—
Asking if sorrow with them had no part;
And I looked again on that group, yet all
Seemed free from its dark o'er shadowing thrall;
'Till I heard 'mid those quickening notes a sigh,
And a fair haired girl in her youth stood nigh.

I have come to the hall of mirth she said
With the fairy hopes of my youth all fled;
I have wreathed my hair with festal flowers,
And laughed and sang through the weary hours,
'Till ye thought my heart to be light and gay;—
Then she floated on in the dance away.

One sorrowing heart; then sadly I sighed.
When another form glided up to my side.
You may read she said by my flashing eye,
By my pallid brow and my cheeks deep dye
Of the fearful truth which my soul has fraught,
While I laugh and I sing to crush the thought.

I started and caught of her form one glance,
E're she hurried on in the mazy dance;
Then a darksome thought of the future rose,
Of those sparkling eyes in their last-long close.
Oh fearful it is with such mirth to hide,
From the shrinking soul what it cannot bide.

What thoughts bearest thou, then I asked of one
Whose tresses were bound with a diamond zone.
"They are gone she said yet I revel here,
They are gone all those whose my heart held dear;
Though my step be light, and wild be my glee,
Yet my soul with those loved ones fain would be."

And then in the depths of whose dreamy eyes
All the changing light of a poets dream lies?
"I have come she said to this fair hall now,
I have bound bright gems round my burning brow,
And have smiled while my heart grew faint within
As it sighed for laurels it could not win."
"Then away" a voice to my spirit said,
Oh, come thou not here till thy hopes be fled;
Come not when thy pulses are beating high,
As the buoyant dreams of thy youth glide by,
Wait till a void in thy heart there shall be
Then come thou and join in this revelry.

A FORTUNE.—Mr. Webster, says the Boston Post, receives as fee one third of the head tax that Massachusetts has to refund to importers of emigrants by the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court against the constitutionality of such tax by a State. If this be so, Mr. Webster will pocket another fortune.

TOO BUSY.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

"Mother! mother!" cried my little Willy, bursting in upon me as I sat busily at work, "I've lost my arrow in the grass and can't find it."

"He was just ready to burst into tears from grief at his mishap." "I'm sorry, my dear," I said, calmly as I went on with my work.

"Won't you go and find it for me, mother," he asked with quivering lip, as he laid hold of my arm.

"I'm too busy, dear," I replied, gently shaking him off. "Go and tell Jane to find it for you."

"Jane can't find it," said the little fellow, in a choking voice.

"Tell her to go and look again."

"She has looked all over, and can't find it. Won't you come mother, and find it for me?"

The tears were now rolling over his face. But I was too busy to attend to Willy. I was embroidering the edge of a little linen sack that I was making for him, and that, for the moment, seemed of more importance than the happiness of my child.

"No—no," I replied. "I'm too busy to go down stairs. You must take better care of your arrows. Go and ask Ellen to find it for you."

"Ellen says she won't look for it." Willy was now crying outright.

"There! there! Don't be so foolish as to cry at the loss of such a little thing as an arrow," said I, in a reproving voice. "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Won't you go and find it for me, mother?" he urged still crying.

"No indeed, Willy. I am too busy now. Go and look for it again yourself."

"But I can't find it. I have looked."

"Then go and look again," said I firmly.

Willy went crying down stairs, and I heard him crying about the yard for some ten minutes, until my patience began to give out.

"Such a to-do about an arrow! I wish I'd never bought him the bow-arrow!" said I, moving uneasily in my chair.

"Ellen won't you make me another arrow? Here is a stick." I heard him ask of the cook, in a pleading voice. But Ellen replied rudely—

"No indeed, I shall not! I've got something else to do besides making arrows."

The child's crying was renewed. I felt vexed at Ellen. "She might have made him the arrow," I said. "If I wasn't too busy I would go down and make him one myself. But I must get this sack done."

And I sewed away more rapidly than before. The crying went on. Willy had lost his arrow, and his heart was almost broke. Unfortunately I was not in a mood to sympathize with him. An arrow, to me, was a very little thing, and it worried me to hear him crying as if his heart would break over a loss so trifling as that of an arrow.

"Willy?" I at length said, calling out of the window, "you must stop that crying."

"I can't find my arrow, and nobody will make me another," replied the little fellow.

"That's nothing to make such a disturbance about! I returned. "Go and find something else to play with."

"I want my arrow. Won't you come and find it for me, mother?"

"No, not now. I'm too busy."

The crying went on again as loudly as before, and I soon lost all my patience. Laying aside my work, I went to the head of the stair-way and called down—

"Come now Sir! There's been enough of this crying, and you must stop it."

"I can't find my arrow," returned Willy.

"Well suppose you can't; will crying bring it? You should take better care of your things. Little boys must look the way they shoot."

"I did look, but I can't find it."

"Go and look again, then."

"I have looked, and it ain't there."

And then the crying went on again. To Willy the loss of his arrow was a real grief, and he was too young to have fortitude to bear his trouble patiently. But I was not in a state of mind to feel with him.

"Stop that crying instantly," said I, as the worrying sound came again upon my ears. "I won't have such a noise in the house."

But my words had no effect: they did not produce the arrow. Willy cried on.

Unable longer to endure the sound, and also thinking it wrong to let him indulge the habit of crying, I laid my work aside, and going down stairs, took hold of him resolutely, saying as I did so—

"Now stop this, instantly!"

The child looked up at me with a most distressed countenance, while the tears covered his face.

"I can't find my arrow," said he with quivering lip. "I'm sorry—but crying won't find it. Come up stairs with me." Willy ascended to my room.

"Now don't let me hear one word more of this. The next time you get an arrow take better care of it."

There was no sympathy in my tones: for I felt none. I did not think of his loss, but of the evil and annoyance of crying. The little fellow stifled his grief, or rather the utterance of it, as best he could, and throwing himself at full length upon the floor, sighed and sobbed for some ten minutes. A sigh, longer and more fluttering than usual, aroused my attention, and I then became aware that he had fallen asleep.

How instantly do our feelings change towards a child when we find that it is asleep. If we have been angry or offended, we are no longer so. Tenderness comes in the place of sterner emotions. I laid aside my work and taking Willy in my arms, lifted him from the floor and laid him upon my bed. Another long, fluttering sigh agitated his bosom as his head touched the pillow. How reprovingly came the sound upon my ears! How sadly did it echo and re-echo in my heart!

"Poor child!" I murmured. "To him the loss of an arrow was a great thing. It has disturbed him to the very centre of his little being. I wish, now, that I had put by my work for a few minutes until I could have found his arrow, or made him a new one. I would have lost no more time in doing so than I have already lost. And, after all, what is a little time taken from my work to the happiness of my child? Ah me! I wish I could learn to think right at the right time. Dear little fellow! He was so happy with his bow and arrow. But all was destroyed by the untimely loss which I could have restored in a few moments. Unfeeling—unnatural mother! Is this the way you show your love for your child?"

I stood for nearly five minutes over my sleeping boy. When I turned away, I did not resume my sewing, for I had no heart to work upon the little garment. I went down into the yard, and the first object that met my eye was the lost arrow, partly concealed behind a rose-bush, where it had fallen.

"So easily found! said I. "How much would a minute given at the right time have saved! Ah, me! We learn too late, and repent when repentance is of little avail."

I took the arrow and laid it with the bow which I found carelessly thrown away, upon the bed, beside my sleeping boy, that he might see them as soon as he awakened.

It was an hour before the deep sleep, into which my Willy had fallen, was broken. I had, in the meantime,

resumed my sewing, after having lost fully half an hour in consequence of being unwilling to lose a few minutes for the sake of attending to my child, and relieving him from the trouble that had come upon him. The first notice I received of his being awake, was his gratified exclamation at finding his lost arrow beside him. All his past grief was forgotten. In a few minutes he was down in the yard, shooting his arrow again, as happy as before. No trace of his recent grief remained.

But I could not forget it. With me the circumstance was not as the morning cloud and the early dew. The sunshine that came afterward did not dissipate instantly the one, nor drink up the other. I was sober for many hours afterwards; for the consciousness of having done wrong, as well of having been the occasion of grief to my child, lay with a heavy pressure upon my feelings.—*Ladies' Wreath.*

We find the following admirable "thoughts" in the "Western Literary Messenger," a magazine conducted with great taste and ability.

Open-heartedness may, perhaps, be carried too far. I may give my confidence unsolicited and alas! unappreciated—yet I had rather be chilled by the coldness of others than move as an iceberg among my acquaintances. And I believe one who is ever on the lookout for deceit, is watching for unhappiness which he would not otherwise encounter—which an unsuspecting heart would never have imagined, much less have met with. I am young, and as yet—

"I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem."

Who has not sometimes met those whom it seemed ought to be your friends—whom, at times, you could take to your heart, there to remain for all time to come, and yet, whom you really find as politely and coldly repulsive as an icicle, to whom you would as soon think of giving your confidence as to the winds—I have met such, and it has been one of the bitterest trials of my life to find my warm heart thus chilled—to have the opening flowers of friendly confidence thus untimely blasted. But it has taught me to prize higher the few friends whom I have gained—to love more ardently the few congenial souls which thrill in unison with my own—to clasp still more fondly the few warm hands extended to me in sympathy—in pure unselfish, unadulterated friendship.

People appear differently according both to the lookers on and their own states of feeling. Those who once seemed the impersonation of all that could charm and captivate, may again appear nothing more than ordinary mortals. And people appear better under some circumstances than others though not seen with charmed eyes. Some moods of thought shed a glory not its own on the plainest face—while others disfigure the finest features, and in the right shade and light, and form and color of the dress, many a mere good looking woman appears really beautiful. Some know this and make it their study to follow it out, while others have an innate perception of the *becoming*, and appear well whatever the quality of the dress, when in its form and quality they follow their own tastes, leaving Fashion to dictate to those who have no idea of the "fitness of things" of their own.

A CHEERFUL RELIGION.

It cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Is there less of sincerity in nature during her gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom?

Does not the bird's blithe carolling come from the heart, quite as much as the quadruped's monotonous cry? And is it, then, altogether impossible to take up one's abode with truth, and to let all sweet homely, feelings grow about it and cluster round it; and to smile upon it as a kind father or mother; and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it, as with a child? No, otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with truth; no, otherwise Cervantes and Shakspeare. This playfulness of truth is beautifully represented by Landor in the conversation between Marcus Cicero and his brother, an allegory which has the voice and the spirit of Plato.

On the other hand, the outcries of those who exclaim against every sound more lively than a bray or a bleat, as derogatory to truth, are often prompted, not so much by their deep feeling of the dignity of the truth in question, as of the dignity of the person by whom that truth is maintained. Our grave faculties and thoughts are much chastened and improved by a blending and interfusion of the lighter, so that the "sable cloud" may turn forth her "silvery lining" on the night; while our lighter thoughts require the grave to substantiate them, and keep them from evaporating. When your feelings tell you anything, and your understanding contradicts them, more especially should your understanding be merely echoing the verdict of another man's, be not over hasty in sacrificing what you feel to what you fancy you understand. You cannot do it in real life; a stream is running not to be gagged with paper.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

OH HAD I WINGS LIKE A DOVE.

The following short piece is the production of a boy aged eleven years. It is his first effort at rhyming.

Oh had I wings like a dove
I would swiftly fly,
To the bright blue sky
Above.

Oh had I wings like a dove,
I would take my flight
To heaven so bright
Above.

Had I wings like a dove I'd fly
Over hill and dell,
With angels to dwell
Above.

Hatfield Jan. 18, 1849.

EUGENE.

ENERGY.

The following interesting anecdote was related several years since by W. A. Maynard.

In December, 1807, Mr. M. was teaching school for a quarter in the town of Plainfield, Mass. One cold, blustering morning, on entering his school-room, he observed a lad he had not seen before, sitting on one of the benches. The lad soon made known his errand to Mr. M. He was about fifteen years old; his parents lived seven miles distant; he wanted an education, and came from home on foot that morning, to see if Mr. M. could help him to contrive how to obtain it.

Mr. M. asked him if he was acquainted with any one in the place.

"No."

"Do your parents know any one here?"

"No."

"Can your parents help you towards obtaining an education?"

"No."

"Have you any friend that can render you assistance?"

"No."

"Well how do you expect to obtain an education?"

"I don't know, but I thought I would come and see you."

Mr. M. told him to stay that day, and he would see what could be done. He discovered that the boy was possessed of good sense, but no uncommon brilliancy; and he was particularly struck with the cool and resolute manner in which he undertook to conquer difficulties which would have intimidated common minds.

In the course of the day, Mr. M. made provision for having him boarded through the winter in the family with himself, the lad paying for his board by his services at school. He gave himself diligently to study, in which he made good but not rapid progress, improving every opportunity of reading and conversation for acquiring knowledge; and thus spent the winter.

When Mr. M. left the place in the spring, he engaged a minister who resided about four miles from the boy's father, to hear his recitations; and the boy accordingly boarded at home, and pursued his studies.

It is unnecessary to pursue the narrative farther. Mr. M. had never seen the lad since. But this was the early history of the Rev. Jonas King, D. D., whose exertions in the cause of Oriental learning, and in alleviating the miseries of Greece, have endeared him alike to the scholar and philanthropist, and shed a bright ray of glory on his native land.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

The primary department of Ward School, No. 2, in 13th street has over 1300 names on its register and an average attendance of 600 weekly, with ten teachers, headed by Miss E. Armstrong. A writer in the "*Day Book*" gives a highly favorable account of its merits, and relates the following incident, which we hope will meet the eye of the excellent lady in Oxford, England, who in 1843 presented to the writer of this introduction the hymn and music referred to:

"The exercises of the School are various, such as reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography; but none perhaps has proved more interesting to visitors and strangers, than the singing; and in fact, there seems to be no pleasanter recreation for the pupils themselves than to join together in a 'cheerful song.' There is an incident connected with one of these songs, which shows how deeply even the young heart may feel the inspiration of His word, who has said, 'Out of the mouths of babes hast thou ordained praise.' About a year ago the little hymn termed the 'Child's Desire' was taught to the smaller children on the gallery;

'I think when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.'

Accompanying the words were some graceful motions of the hands, which probably left a still more lasting impression on the youthful mind; and among the number who had learned this hymn was a lovely and interesting little girl, about five years of age, whom it pleased the 'Giver of all good,' to remove by death, from the midst

of her fond relatives and schoolmates at this early period. When stretched on her dying bed, the film of death gathering over her eyes, her every breath drawing her nearer to the end of her short and earthly pilgrimage, she desired her mother to let her sing the little hymn which her teacher taught her, and which she loved so well. Who could deny the simple request? Indeed, it must have been gratifying to the afflicted parent to know that her child had not lived in vain. She consented; the youthful voice was raised; the accents of praise ascended to his throne who suffers little children to come unto Him, and rebukes them not. But her strength failing, the last cadence had scarcely expired on her lips ere her immortal spirit had winged its upward flight to realms of bliss, where we trust she is now pouring her sweet voice in other anthems to her Maker and her God, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose a figure of unfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the blue, fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle: affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn flower, (the cyane;) and the auriculous, "how friendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes." Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow, sadness by the angelica, shuddering by the aspen, melancholy by the cypress, desire of meeting again by the starwort, the night smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus, nature by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us, and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do!

YOUNG MEN.

The most anxious moment in the history of a young man is that moment when he forsakes the paternal roof, and goes forth into the world to seek a livelihood. The interests of life are crowded into that period. The tears of a mother, the counsels of a father, consecrate that eventful moment. Away from old associates, and settled in some new home, how apt the former restraints are to be cast off!

The trial of virtue now comes. The test of principle is now applied. If he hold fast his integrity, the prayers of his father and mother, rising oft when the still dews are falling, will bring blessings as thick as the manna that fell round the camp of the Israelites down upon his path. But if he prove faithless, then will memory embitter his life, then will his parents welcome the grave, that they may hide their dishonor in the dust.

Agricultural Department.

THE PASTURE.

There cannot be but little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that our grazing lands in the State of Maine are most excellent if rightly cultivated. But it may be said with truth that our pastures are grossly mismanaged, or rather we will say not managed at all. If we will become celebrated for the excellence and the abundance of our beef and butter and cheese, we should com-

mence forthwith cultivating our old pastures. Let the obstructions to the plough be cleared off; let the bushes be destroyed and brake roots annihilated by the plough. Then if we would raise good crops of corn, grain, &c., we must apply manure as well as employ thorough cultivation.

One of the most striking traits in the management of a good farmer is not to overlook the pasture. If the number of cows kept be eight, and these are stinted in their food, let the number be forthwith reduced to five. Why pay taxes for eight half starved cows, when five full fed will yield undoubtedly double the profit.

It has been said that cattle well summered are half wintered; and again, those that are well wintered are half summered. This goes to prove the importance of providing at all times a liberal supply of food for stock.

Some farmers are ambitious to keep a large stock of cattle, and by so doing imagine that they are in a fair way to accumulate property. No matter how miserable their young stock may appear—if their working oxen resemble walking skeletons—if their cows are half starved in winter and just brought up "May hill," and to be kept in a stinted pasture through the summer—they can boast of keeping a large stock of cattle, and all is well, so they think.

But in fact the best rule for the farmer is to reduce his stock a little below his means of support. To waste fodder is great folly, but it is better to have half a ton of hay to sell than to keep stock upon a scanty allowance: better to have a little more grass in the pasture than is wanted, than not enough. Cattle when turned to pasture early in the spring, should always be supplied with a proper amount of evening food at the barn, till the grass becomes quite sufficient for their support.

We have heard of farmers who kept large numbers of cows for the purpose, as we suppose, of having a great amount of butter and cheese for sale, but compelled to buy for the use of their own families! And again, we may cite instances where farmers with only a very few cows realize large profits.

Some condemn the practice of suffering cattle to feed upon mowing lands in the fall. There is no doubt great weight in their arguments, but still a question may arise whether we shall not give milch cows, beef cattle, &c. the benefit of fall feed, even if doing so the crop of hay the next year be diminished in some degree.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE PILGRIM DINNER.

We know of no better way of answering the queries of our correspondent in relation to Br. Chapin's attendance at the above named entertainment, than by re-publishing the following, taken from the New York Organ. There can be no question, as to the motive which dictated the article noticed in the "Organ," and we are sorry that the zeal and activity of Universalists in the great and glorious temperance enterprise, should have excited the envy of our partialist brethren, and still more, do we regret that they should give vent to their feelings in this way. But we trust the Lord will cause the "wrath of man to praise him."

REV. MR. CHAPIN AND THE PILGRIM DINNER.—An article appeared in the Star of Temperance week before last, credited to The New York Organ censuring in severe terms Rev. E. H. Chapin, for participating in the Pilgrim Dinner at the Astor House. We wish to say in justice to all concerned, that the article in question never appeared in this paper. While we think, that as a general principle, temperance men should not sanction these wine-drinking glorifications even with their presence, yet we think the article in the Star of Temperance exhibits a harshness and severity hardly justifiable. We are warranted in saying that had the character of the entertainment been previously known, Mr. Chapin would not have been present; and that the drinking part of the dinner grieved him as much as any friend of

temperance in the country. Mr. Chapin is generally found among the foremost in the battle, and we therefore deeply regret this onslaught upon him.

A CONCERT

Of Miscellaneous Music will be given by the Choir of the 4th street Universalist Church, between Avenues B. and C., on Wednesday evening, the 14th of February, for the benefit of the Pastor, Rev. Z. Baker, who is about retiring from his public labors in consequence of ill health. Tickets 25 cts each. Doors open at 6 1-2; Concert commences at 7 1-2. Concert to be held in the Church.

A CONFERENCE

Of the Black River Association will be attended at Fulton, Oswego Co. on the second Wednesday and following Thursday, (14th and 15th) of February. Our friends in that place having refitted their Church design to dedicate it anew on the 14th, the first day of the Conference, Dedictory Sermon by Br. J. M. Austin. They also wish to employ a Pastor. Ministering brethren generally are invited to attend. Henderson, Jan. 26, 1849. P. Morse, Standing Clerk.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Messrs. Mudge and Corlies, Credit Mrs. Martha Darg, this city, \$1 for Miscellany. Charge this Office.

Br. Tompkins, stop T. J. Hamner's paper, and send the bill for the last six months to this office for collection.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. D. Skinner will preach at Fort Plain on the 2d Sunday of February, (inst.) and at Holland Patent, the 4th Sunday, 25th inst.

The Eighth Lecture on Europe will be given in the Blescker-street Church to-morrow evening. Subject, ITALY.

MARRIAGES.

In Philadelphia, by Rev. A. C. Thomas:

- Dec. 11, William S. Harrison, to Rebecca Carter.
- " 12, Stephen Davis Child to Rachel A. Wootten.
- " 17, James W. Porter, to Sarah Ann Webb,
- " 24, William A. Masker, to Mary Rowland.
- " 28, John Atlee, to Elizabeth Fritz.
- " 31, Joseph Davis, to Catharine Cailisle.

DEATHS.

In this city, Jan. 18th, Mrs. Phebe Mayhew, aged 41. The death of this amiable and estimable woman is a great affliction. There are but few wives and mothers who would be missed so much as she will be. She was attentive to all her duties, and exemplary as a Christian. She had been, for many years, a member of the Orchard-street Church, and was always regular in her attendance at meeting and communion whenever her health would permit. She has left an aged mother, a brother, a sister, a husband, and a large family of children, to mourn her loss. During her sickness she was deprived of her reason, till within a few hours of her death. She then appeared perfectly calm and resigned. She was buried from the Orchard-street Church, which was crowded with sympathizing friends. A discourse was preached by Br. O. A. Skinner from the following words: "Let me die the death of the righteous."

In this city, of the croup, on the 30th ult., Elmina Margaret, daughter of Mr. Lewis Seely, aged 3 years and 9 months.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.
PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 50a6 00	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	11 50a11 75
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 20	" Prime, "	\$7 50a8 25
" Western, "	1 00a1 08	Lard, per lb.,	6 1-2a7
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2 88	Cheese, "	7 1-4a7 3-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	62a73	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	20a22
" mixed, "	60a61	" Western "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	60	" Ohio Common,	11a12
Rye, "	65	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	26a36	" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 02a1 05	
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	13 25a13 50	" fine, "	1 20a1 35
" Prime, "	12 62a12 75	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23a36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	59a62	Timothy Seed, tierce,	17a18
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a6 3-4
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 22